

## A BRILLIANT MARRIAGE

By MAUD BECKETT.

Author of "A Distant Girl," "Those Rubies," "Child Eyes," "Eliza," "That Slip of a Girl," "A Great Heiress," Etc.

factory manner; but you must really come and judge for yourself."

One night between the coming and going of their brilliant house parties Sir Jasper and Lady Conyers dined alone.

Her ladyship as she smiled at her husband across the long table glittering with silver and glass looked wholly brilliant, gracious and correctly fashionable. Her gown was infinitely beautiful and appropriate, and she wore some of her exquisite diamonds.

"How well you are looking to-night, Mabel," Sir Jasper remarked in the same level tones he would have used to a friend in commenting on the weather.

"Yes, am I not," she answered. "Diamonds and white velvet suit me exactly, and there's not one woman in five of thousands who ought ever to touch them."

Lady Conyers was a very clever woman, so consciously so that she always said what she thought and never affected the innocent airs adopted by her weaker sisters. When they were finishing dessert she remarked: "I've just had a letter from mother by this evening's post, Jasper, and she wants me to go to Shallowdene for Easter. Joyce is coming home, you know, and I haven't seen her for ages; she must be quite grown up now."

"Who's Joyce?" asked Sir Jasper in his forgetful, well-bred way. "I've never heard of her, have I?"

"Why, of course you have, my dear boy. I gave you her letter to read when our engagement was announced, don't you remember? Dear little Joyce! It was too bad that she had developed those horrid, troublesome ideas just at the time of the wedding. I did have her for one of my bridesmaids. Mother sent her to Paris, you know, when my old governess married and set up a school there. She was such a dreadful little pickle that nobody could manage her except Madame Delhane, so mother gave her up as hopeless. I haven't seen the child for nearly two years. I wonder what she's like now; children alter so at her age. Why, she must be seventeen by this time."

"Indeed," said Sir Jasper.

"Shall I write and say we are coming?"

"Yes, by all means if you wish to. We have no one coming until after the 13th, have we? We can go down to Shallowdene on Saturday if you are ready." And Sir Jasper rose to open the door as his wife left the room.

II.

It was very, very sad, indeed, the saddest thing, in fact, that had ever happened in all the seventeen years of Joyce's happy life. In one short week the term would come to an end, and her school days would be over. She did not like to think of it at all, nor did Madame Delhane. The tears would well up into Madame's dear old eyes, leaving them red and dim, when she spoke about it to Monsieur. But, with the complete and blessed optimism of youth, Joyce would thrust the unpleasant thought away from her.

"Never mind, Madame, darling," she would say, flinging her impulsive arms around Madame's neck with a hug. "I shall come over and live for months and months with you, and you will come and spend all the holidays with us at Shallowdene, and it will be almost exactly like being at school all the time, only heaps and heaps nicer, because there won't be any boring lessons. And oh, isn't it just a lovely, lovely, beautiful world to live in, full of nice people and pretty clothes and things— isn't it?"

She was the happiest little being in creation; she was always so gay and so wholly irresponsible that you couldn't help loving her. They all did, girls and governesses alike, though her fingers were always inked, and she had been born with an irresistible tendency to break the rules. She could never walk downstairs, she always had to jump, and the same force impelled her to shut doors with a bang, and her long black legs, under her short serge frock, were always all over the place. She would acknowledge to you openly that her chief aim in life was to do as few lessons as possible. She hadn't come to school to learn—especially French. She was always in a scrape. Somehow her misdeeds were committed so openly that they were invariably found out.

"Oh, it is perfectly, perfectly dreadful to be leaving you all," Joyce said as she lifted her face to be kissed on the last night of her school life. "I have been so happy here, and I love you all so much, and I just hate to think I'm going away."

And she looked up to Madame with an April face of smiles shining through the tears filling her eyes, which were not laughing then, but very wistful. And the next day, when home-going, excited girls and tired, cross governesses released her from the usually orderly household, Joyce departed in a cab amid a heap of boxes, a chattering maid and heart-broken sobs.

Monsieur and Madame, after they had watched the carriage drive away, turned with a sigh together into the house, which felt lonely to them then, for they had loved the blithe, quicksilver Joyce very much indeed, and it was sad to feel that she had gone from their lives.

They hoped very earnestly that the world about which Joyce knew so little and hoped so much would prove merciful and kind to her.

And in an incredibly short space of time Joyce developed into a young woman. The wavy brown hair was twisted up into a fashionable top-knot, and the impertinently short frocks were abandoned for those of more decorous dimensions. And when one day she entered Buckingham Palace in a beautiful white gown all billows and set with chiffon and lace and lilies of the valley, with three feathers nodding on her pretty brown head, to make her curtsy to the Queen, she was candidly acknowledged to be the very prettiest debutante of the season.

Seventeen was really much too young, sighed Joyce's mother, for one's first season; but then, Joyce was so eager to be launched on the big world of society, and she always got her own way in such a remarkable easy manner.

And Madame, in the far-away, quiet old house in the suburbs of Paris, read and read again the joyous, girlishly loving letters that came so regularly from England.

"What a happy time the dear girl is having," she remarked to Monsieur.

It was a very gay and fashionable party indeed that assembled at Shallowdene for Easter.

Sir Jasper and Lady Conyers arrived amid great bustle and much rustling of her ladyship's silken skirts. As usual, she had a very great deal to say.

"Ah, Joyce!" My dear child, how you've grown!" she began, whilst she kissed the pretty upturned face. "So sorry I couldn't be up in town for the drawing-room. Everybody said you looked quite deliciously sweet. Jasper, this is Joyce. Come and talk to her, I want you two to be great friends, you know." And the beautiful Lady Conyers rustled off with her society manner and her gleaming teeth to smile her sweetest on Captain Dallas.

Joyce, as Sir Jasper came up to her, lifted her big, truthful gray eyes to his.

"So you are Sir Jasper! I've heard such a lot about you; but you aren't a bit like what I pictured you," and she almost laughed her happy, girlish laugh.

"Not what you pictured me?" said Sir Jasper. "How am I different? Do tell me. Do I suffer very badly by the comparison? I hope not."

"Oh, I don't know; but you are quite, quite different."

"Now, I believe from the way you said that I am not half so nice as you expected me to be. Tell me, Joyce, what you Jasper was like, and I will try very hard to live up to him," and Sir Jasper's eyes, as they looked into hers, were quite grave, as if the matter were a very serious one indeed.

The big square hall at Shallowdene, with its stately, old-fashioned furniture and its big bowls of sweet, fresh-smelling spring flowers, echoed with the rattle of tencups and the chatter of many voices as the flames from the wooden logs flickered and gleamed on the shining silver. There were plenty of pretty women and prettier frocks, but most brilliant among the assemblage chattered the lovely Lady Conyers. Nobody's laugh rang out quite so silvery and correctly pure in tone as hers, and nobody's teeth gleamed in quite such an even, pearly row. She was smiling at Captain Dallas with all her heart.

"Really," thought her ladyship, as she regarded him with her usual languid gaze, which, in reality, was as keen and piercing and calculating as a hawk's, "he's about the handsomest man I ever met. Jasper looks merely commonplace beside him. That brown, leathery, Indian-like look of his skin is most delightful, and such a relief after the rudely healthy, fresh-looking complexion of the usual Briton."

Captain Dallas did not turn those keen blue eyes of his on her ladyship with the open admiration which men usually displayed. It was extraordinary and somewhat tantalizing that in the middle of her most bewitching and studied glance his attention seemed to wander across the room to one corner where Joyce sat, with her clear, frank eyes lifted to Sir Jasper's face, as she listened intently to what he was saying to her. After tea Joyce put on her big picturelike hat to take Sir Jasper round to the aviary to see her doves—for Sir Jasper had suddenly grown very learned indeed about the care of doves.

As they walked through the garden, down the perfectly kept gravel walks Sir Jasper found himself telling this slim-framed girl all sorts of things about himself. It was good to watch her eyes fill with alarm at the story of that narrow shave with the snake and to see the tears well up at the account of the coolie woman's little black pockmark when the tiger carried it off into the jungle.

And Joyce said "Really," and "Indeed," and "How awfully sad!" in the same tone that Lady Conyers did. And when Joyce told him all about the school in Paris and Madame and the Euclid classes and the funny little old professor Sir Jasper found all that schoolgirl history quite the most interesting conversation he had ever listened to.

At dinner her beautiful ladyship in her gorgeous yellow satin gown, with the diamonds gleaming all over her, "which," said one woman in five thousand ought to touch," was the cynosure of all eyes, except, perhaps, those belonging to two men who had knocked about the world for years and who knew a very great deal, and both of these wandered somehow to Joyce all the time—Joyce in her simple, almost childlike chiffon frock, with not one diamond about her, only a single string of pearls round her slim, little white throat.

It was a little bit unaccountable, and Sir Jasper, who understood most things, couldn't understand quite why, whatever was said or talked about or planned he found himself always wondering what Joyce would think and how Joyce would like it. Every time the door opened when Joyce was not in the room Sir Jasper would look up quickly as if he expected somebody he wanted to see very much. It wasn't altogether a comfortable feeling by any means. And once or twice Sir Jasper had felt the act that would have given him the greatest satisfaction in the world would have been to get up and punch the good looking head of Captain Dallas when that gentleman had been gazing with more than usual earnestness at a certain slip of a girl.

Lately Sir Jasper had woke up from his dreams, not with the remembrance of his wife's flashing eyes and rippling society laugh, but of the truthful, clear gray eyes without a spice of coquetry lurking in their depths.

And Joyce? Sir Jasper was not a bit like what she had pictured him, only very much nicer in every way. He was so big, and strong, and manly, and handsome, and so clever, too. He knew such a very great deal about the world and everything, and yet he was so kind, so thoughtful, so full of chivalry. Just a man, in fact, to have to love and protect one forever and ever.

"Ah, if there could only be two Sir Jaspers in the world!" thought Joyce.

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FRENCH FLANNEL WAISTS, cream, reds, blues, greens, castors, all-wool flannels, tucked and Norfolk styles, \$3.50 waists, Monday, **\$2.98**

27-INCH LIGHT TAN COATS, strictly all-wool, all-satin lined, coat or storm collar, \$12.50 coats, sale price, **\$7.98** Monday

### Skirts and Coats

WALKING SKIRTS, of heavy Oxford melton cloth, 9-inch flaring flounce, fully stitched, \$3.25 **\$2.48**

27-INCH LIGHT TAN COATS, handsomely trimmed with panne velvet, best furriers' satin lining, coat or storm collar of panne velvet, \$18.50 and \$16.50 coats, sale price **\$12.48**

### Indiana's Greatest Bargain

THREE-QUARTER COATS, of strictly all-wool, all-satin lined, all shades, tans, castors, navy and black, all silk lined, some plain, others handsomely strapped, all perfectly tailored, coat or storm collars, sizes 32 to 46, positive \$17.50 value, Monday's **\$12.50** sale price

### Xmas Fur Sale

BEST ELECTRIC SEAL Jackets, wear guaranteed, best guaranteed seal in lining, skins of XXXX quality, London dye and perfectly matched, all sizes; a personal inspection will convince you of the superiority of these garments over any \$40.00 in Indiana **\$26.50**

BEST WEAR-SEAL, best lining, best Golden beaver collar and revers, not an inferior garment of the kind, \$75.00 value, Monday, **\$49.98**

ISABELLA FOX Fur Scarfs, 54 inches long, full width, large fluffy tails, \$15.00 value, Monday, **\$9.98**

### Christmas Dolls

Dressed Dolls, Monday for **25c**

All styles of Dressed Dolls, **50c**

Large-sized Dressed Dolls for **75c**

Negro Dolls, Chinese Dolls, **25c**

A lot of assorted Dolls, in all styles, go at a sacrifice price, from **50c** to 10c

RAGLANS, like cut, made of Oxford gray melton cloth, yoke front and back, velvet piped, \$15.00 garments, Monday's price **\$7.98**

RAGLANS, light and dark gray homespun and melton cloth, full loose back, with or without seam, \$12.50 value, Monday **\$12.50**

RAGLANS AND ULSTERS, half and tight-fitting castors, navy and Oxford, American mills kersey, half satin lined, yoke front and back, \$20.00 garments, sale price, Monday **\$14.95**

RAGLANS AND ULSTERS, imported kersey cloth, handsomely stitched, strapped and tailored, tans, castors and black, \$25.00, \$27.00 and \$30.00 wraps, your choice Monday **\$21.50**

TAILOR-MADE SUITS, all-wool pebble cheviot, graduated flounce, skirt lined with spungelace, jackets lined with best taffeta, \$30.00 suits, Monday **\$15.00**

EVERYTHING IN CHRISTMAS WANTS

## For Christmas Presents

Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, Albums, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Tie Cases, Etc.

A black imitation leather Toilet Case, satin lined, ebony, with sterling silver trimmings, for **\$1.75**

Collar Boxes, including Tie Boxes, two clasps, nicely trimmed and finished, satin lining **\$2.98**

Glove and Handkerchief Sets combined, consisting of two pieces, brocade lining, handsomely engraved **.75c**

Glove Boxes, extra large, with plated satin lining and hand painted **\$1.98**

Push and Celluloid Trimmed Albums, medium size **.98c**

Small silver Album, nicely decorated, with sterling silver clasps, for **.65c**

Extra large standing mirror, Album, plush trimmed **\$4.50**

Shaving Sets, consisting of cup, brush and razor **\$1.50**

Enamelled Handkerchief Boxes, hand painted **\$1.75**

Ebony Toilet Sets, consisting of five pieces of genuine ebony, with sterling silver trimmings **\$3.00**

Leather Toilet Cases, with satin lining, 5 pieces, for **\$9.75**

Folding Toilet Cases, 5 pieces, satin lining, plush trimmed, with double folding mirrors **\$5.48**

Folding hand-painted Case, handsomely engraved, ten pieces **\$8.50**

Toilet Cases, with ten ebony pieces, sterling silver trimmings, satin lined **\$6.50**

Folding Cases, eleven pieces, two mirrors, heavy clasps and hinges **\$9.50**

Gents' Leather Travelling Cases, kid lined, 3 pieces **\$3.50**

Ebony Military Brushes, sterling trimmed **\$3.75**

### Ladies' Knit Underwear

Our underwear stock is just as complete as the stock of the clothing department. Every number has been kept up; every little detail has been carefully attended to. We carry all the leading brands, such as the Onetta, Fitwell and Merode garments, in every weight, every style, every price and color. In order to increase our sales, make selling swift and sure and have every one become better acquainted with this department we will offer 25 dozen ladies' Vests and Pants, the Fitwell brand, in every size and three different colors, nicely fitted and finished, a 50c garment, for Monday **22c**

50 dozen ladies Vests and Pants, extra ribbed, with silk finish and woven fleece, a 50c garment, for Monday **33c**

The Onetta glove-fitting Unions, Jersey ribbed and extra finished, 50c garment, for Monday **43c**

Choice of any \$1.00 garment in the house, including separate garments in the Merode, fine all-wool garments, Onetta and Merode Unions, 89c for Monday **89c**

15 per cent. discount on any of our all-wool unions.

### Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery

We have just received an elegant line of fancy Hosiery. In this department you will find any style you want, any number you may call for, and at prices that are difficult to match. We have the largest Hosiery Department in Indiana, the greatest number of different styles and weights. A call will convince the most skeptical of the truth of this statement.

On Tuesday we offer—Ladies' fast black Hose, 10c value, for **7c**

A heavily ribbed Hose, extra high spliced heels and soles, Hermsdorf dye, a 15c value, for **11c**

Our 25c line, with or without the fleece, to cotton, also the cashmere and natural wool ones, with double heels and soles, for Monday **21c**

Choice of any 50c number, in fancy blends or stripes, extra heavy woven ones, drop stitch or woolen ones, for **42c**

And so the days went by, and they were very happy spring days indeed.

One night Sir Jasper sat smoking again with his friend, Captain Dallas, in the library of Shallowdene. This time it was Dick Dallas who fidgeted uneasily.

"Jasper, old fellow, I want you to wish me all the luck that you can, for I need it badly. I haven't told you before; I couldn't talk about it even to you; but perhaps you've guessed! I'm in love with Joyce, desperately so—clean bowled over, in fact—and I'm going to try my luck, though that she doesn't love me I feel perfectly sure. But she's so young, too young, in fact, to really know what love means; but if she will only give me the right, I will make her love me—I'm sure I can. I've knocked about the world, like you, a good bit, and I thought I'd got pretty well to know the sex. I fancied they were all about alike for shallowness; but Joyce—well, Joyce has taught me a lesson, and I feel grateful to Providence for letting me meet such an angel. But I'm rambling on like an idiot, though you must forgive me, Conyers—it's love, you know!"

Sir Jasper's face had grown gray and drawn; there were deep lines and furrows under his eyes and round his mouth that had not been there half an hour ago.

"You must wish me success, old friend," went on Captain Dallas, "because your own benediction venture has proved such a success."

Sir Jasper gave a gesture of impatience, and put up one hand to shade his eyes. Then he took his friend's hand and wrung it warmly.

"I do wish you joy with all my heart, Dick. Be very good to her, that's all. But you are wrong when you say that Joyce doesn't know what love means. I think she does, Dick."

"Thanks, old fellow; and if Joyce will only give me the right, I'll devote the rest of my life to making her happy."

His ladyship was more gay and charming and altogether fascinating than ever. She was always comfortably assured that there was no man in the room was in love with her; therefore, she was the central figure wherever she went. She kept Captain Dallas in constant attendance upon her. He must take her for a walk right into those delicious woods, where the primroses were just beginning to peep out of a yellow carpet, and where the soft, woolly, golden balls of the willow showed through the budding, though still naked, branches of the trees.

Joyce and Sir Jasper gathered primroses, too. But each time the silvery tones of Lady Conyers' laugh sounded through the woods something like a shudder passed through the strong frame of Sir Jasper, for it sounded to him almost a hideous, witchlike cackle. And when at night before going down to dinner her ladyship, in an extra gracious mood, remarked, in her condescending manner, "You may kiss me if you like," he felt that he absolutely loathed the beautiful, artificial face before him; he would have liked to shake her, even to strike her—anything, in fact to upset for a little while her complete vanity and self-satisfaction.

Coming into Sir Jasper's dressing room late that night, with a very white look on his usually dark face, Captain Dallas said: "It is all up with me, Jasper; I've asked her, and she says she can never love me, and that I mustn't even hope. 'Pon my word, I feel now as if I'd like to take my departure of this beastly world altogether."

What is the good of living—what's the good of anything, in fact? Good heavens! I never thought I could love a slip of a girl like this. To think that she won't even try to love me!"

"Thank heaven for that!" thought Sir Jasper.

III.

It had been a terrible accident, and altogether a very sad affair, indeed. Sir Jasper was very badly hurt—so badly, in fact, that the doctors gave little hope of his recovery. The gay crowd of visitors had all left Shallowdene in a great hurry, for it was changed into a house of sickness now. It was strange that, after having braved so many dangers and lived through such exciting scenes, Sir Jasper should come by almost his death in such a very simple way. He had been riding through the woods with loose rein, and his horse had stumbled in a rabbit-hole and thrown him. His head had come in contact with a sharp stone, which had stunned him, and he had been dragged by his frightened horse for many yards, with his foot entangled in the reins, until some laborers had found him and carried him home to the frightened household, and the doctors, who were hastily summoned, said it was a very bad affair indeed, and even though the patient might not die, it could only be a case of partial recovery.

Lady Conyers promptly donned a delightfully big apron, and quite the most becoming thing in caps, and nursed him. For the time being, she was quite attentive and good-natured, but the doctors were very stupid, dried-up, old spectacled creatures, and the great house at Shallowdene was very slow—there was simply no one to attend her, and then the deadly monotony and depression of a sickroom was bad for the complexion; and so, in a surprisingly short time, her ladyship returned to town.

It was very trying to Joyce to want to share the duties of the sickroom with the two entirely competent hospital nurses—they were quite enough for the most exacting of invalids, and what could Joyce know about nursing? Surely, nothing at all, only that so much as an ever-so-kind, tender-hearted woman knows how to nurse the man she loves with all the womanly goodness of her heart.

Joyce, during those weeks of sickness, was very pale and very still.

Joyce, who had been so gay and happy and laughing and mischievous, had turned into a sad-faced, wistful-eyed woman now, with always that great aching pain of hopelessness at her heart that would go on through all the long years of life that lay stretching before her.

But Sir Jasper did not die; he made, instead, quite a surprising recovery, only no power on earth could save him from remaining a hopeless cripple all his life. When he regained consciousness he would lie very still, always where he could see Joyce's sweet face as she moved about the room in her quiet, gentle way.

The touch of her hand would send a thousand mad thoughts rushing through his brain.

One day, when he had woke up from a long and dreamless sleep—surely, he thought, that must have been a kiss he felt on his forehead.

Joyce was sitting by the bedside with a tinge of carmine on her cheeks, which were always so pale now.

"Ah, Joyce, I never believed in angels before, but I do now, though, for ever since I have been here I have had one sitting by my bed. Tell me, have I been saying some very wild things lately? I am sure I am quite sane enough now, though, to be talked to."

Joyce interrupted him.

"I have a letter here for you from Mabel. It came this morning. Do you think you are well enough now to read it yourself?"

Lady Conyers had been quite correct and regular in her correspondence since Sir Jasper had been succumbing to his illness; she had even gone so far as to make her letters quite long and entertaining with all the piquant little bits of scandal about town.

But Sir Jasper did not seem anxious to open his wife's communication. Instead he made an angry gesture of impatience



VACATION DESIRED

NELL—Mamma, do you think every day in heaven?

MOTHER—Yes, dear.

NELL—Well, do you think they would let me go to the bad place on Saturdays.